

SACELLUM HONORIS.

A

Congratulatory P O E M

To the Right Honourable the

Marquis of Tavistock,

O N H I S

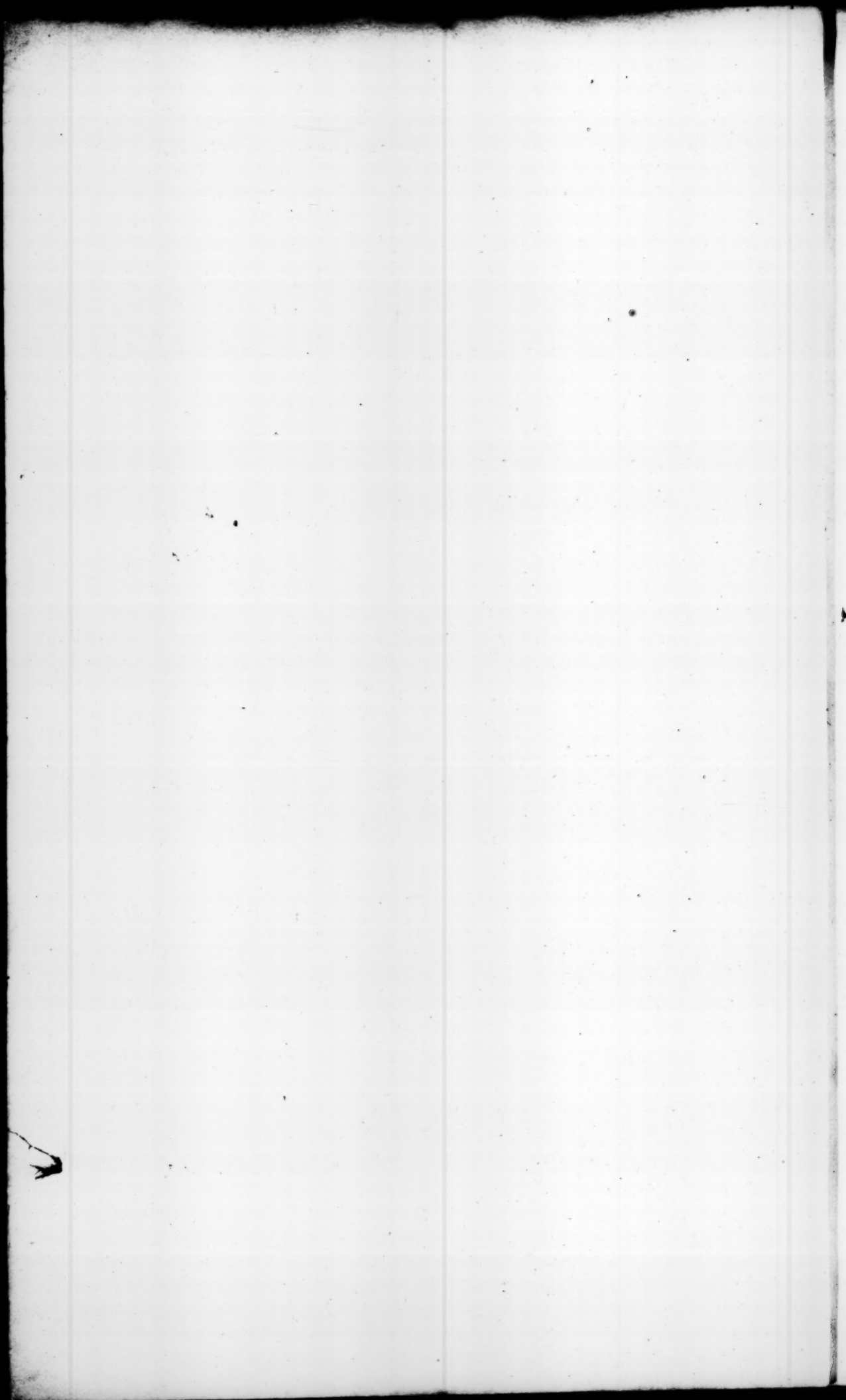
Happy Return from Travel.

By *E. SETTLE.*

Τῆς Ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροισιν ἔσθλα.

L O N D O N :

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A
Congratulatory P O E M

To the Right Honourable the

Marquis of Tavistock.

T*Ravel*, the Mart of *Glory*, where each Plume
Is all Imported Wealth, t' enrich at Home.
If *Wisdom's* Chace, the Search of *Nature's* Veins,
The study'd *Universe* be worth the Pains ;
'Tis in thy *School* must tugging *Honour* sweat,
Travel, thou best *Gamaliel* of the Great.
'Tis Thou set'st *Knowledge* at a Light more fair :
To *See's* to Know, to Judge is to *Compare* ;
Reasons best Guide, *Distinction*. *Greatness* bound
Only to a Home Circuit's narrow round,
Too *fond* or *weak*, does no true Ballance hold.
'Tis *Travel* lends the *Scales* to weigh the *Gold*.

Thus

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Thus 'tis Thou wreath'st the Flow'rs t' adorn the *Great*,
And add'st the *Lawrel* to the CORONET.

This knew Great *TAVISTOCK*, and in thy Chace
Resolv'd to set out His First *Glories* Race.
Yes, *Travel*, thou shalt His young Pinions try:
And in thy open Air the *Eaglet* fly.

In *Belgia* is His first Great *Entry* made:
Perhaps a Ceremonious *Homage* paid;
To *Belgia* first His *Zeal* and *Duty* move:
Belgia, the *Cradle* of our *Albion* JOVE.
Here the Great *Race* thus prosperously begun,
Must now around the Circled *Europe* run.
All that the *Rhine*, *Sein*, *Tybur*, or the *Po*,
All the rich Banks their watry Urns o'erflow,
Great *TAVISTOCK* must range; no *Throne* too far:
Nor *Alps* nor *Apennines* His Course must bar.
No *Air* nor *Clime* His Progress must restrain,
From the cold *Norway* to the sultry *Spain*.
What tho' Adorn'd with every *Grace* before,
That *Britain's* Noblest Nursery cou'd store;
With all th' *Improv'd* and *Innate* VIRTUES fill'd,
His *Education* or His *Birth* could yield?

What

SACELLUM HONORIS. 5

What tho' before so Rich; yet still too Poor,
To all He carries out, He yet wants more.
Men, Manners, Laws and Lands, He studies All;
And as He moves, He rolls the Gathering Ball:
In *Nature's* Book that Learn'd *Proficient* grown,
Resolv'd to make the *well-read World* his own.
Ambition thus warms with a Sacred Heat:
'Tis Godlike to *Aspire* thus to be *Great*.

To Courts, Thrones, Kingdoms, over Lands or Sea,
Wherever Leading *Honour* guides His Way;
Through all the *Regions* His vast *Circuit* calls,
Behold him in proud *Rome's* Triumphant Walls.
Rome, whose once potent Arm the *Thunder* hurl'd,
Held th' *Universal Reins*, and drove the *World*:
But now her *Consuls* and her *Cæsar's* lost,
Her Race of *Worthies* does no longer boast.
But tho' her *Capitol* commands no more;
Her *Conclave* arrogates th' *Imperial Pow'r*;
The subject *Universe* no longer driven,
Sets up her *Phaetons*, and now drives *Heav'n*.

Here *TAVISTOCK* all pleas'd and wond'ring read
The Monumental Fames of her Great *Dead*:

B

View'd

6 SACELLUM HONORIS.

View'd her old *Piles* of Venerable *Rust*;
Her sev'n proud *Hills* and prouder *Heroes* Dust.
Fired with a Generous Heat here long He stay'd,
And all the Glories of *Old Rome* survey'd.
From her new Glory with a colder Look,
His Icy Veins but small Impression took.
He with her Scarlet *Syren's* Songs uncharm'd,
At her old *Urns*, not her new *Altars* warm'd.
Here He with Scorn look'd down. He saw no more
The Ancient *Rome's* Imperial *Eagles* soar.
No, the old *Bird* of Jove, long dispossest,
Her *Vultures* now usurp her *Eagles* Nest.
Those *Vultures*!—Oh the dire remember'd Day,
When those devouring Ravenous Birds of Prey,
Through His own *Veins* their barb'rous Quarry tore,
And gorg'd the purest Blood that *Albion* ever bore!

Thus *Rome* did the Great *TAVISTOCK* divide;
Supply'd at once both His *Contempt* and *Pride*.
But whilst *Antiquity*, her various Scenes,
Her *Piles* and *Rolls* of *Fame*, those Great Remains,
With all their Transient Glory treat His *Eyes*:
His *Soul* to yet Sublimer Transports flies.

His

SACELLUM HONORIS. 7

His glorious *Travels*, with their pompous Train, }
Only a Nobler *Exiles* ling'ring Pain ; }
Of a long *Servitude* the Dragging *Chain* ; }
All a *Divorce* from LOVE's Immortal Charms,
The long-wish'd *Joys* in His *URANIA*'s Arms.
But now the finishing Great *Circle* run,
His *Two Years* wand'ring Age, now almost done ;
He shakes the emptying *Glass*, pleas'd to behold }
The fleeting Sparks, and number'd Minutes told : }
For, oh, the Last expiring Sands run *Gold*. }
Charm'd with the Prospect of approaching *Bliss*,
His yet but Visionary Paradise ;
Thus rapt, thus fired, the *Bridegroom* Lord returns :
Ev'n when He treads the *Alpine Snow*, He burns.
In vain the coming *Jubilee*, and all
Rome's pompous Lustre wou'd His Flight recal.
His *Revels* are in *Albion*, not at *Rome* :
Yes LOVE ! Great LOVE ! His *Jubilee*'s at home.
Thus th' happy Call th' impatient LOVER bore,
With all His Plumes to His dear *Albion* Shore.
A posting *Mercury* more pleas'd ne'er Rod,
To bear the Mandates of th' Imperial GOD,
Wings on his Feet, and *Transport* in his Eyes ;
Then *TAVISTOCK* to His *URANIA* flies.

But

8 SACELLUM HONORIS.

But hold; one Bar of *Glory* stops his Way :
Proud *Gallia* must awhile his Joys delay.
Of all who his divided *Favours* wore,
The *European Courts* he'had *grac'd* before,
The last, not least, *France* claims a Sister's share:
Her Rivals must not All the Trophies bear:
France, the World's *Boreas* once Tempestuous Throne,
From whose bleak Coast our *angry Winds* all blown,
Down by th' Impetuous Torrent over born,
Hence all our *Wrecks*, hence *Europe's* Entrails torn ;
Till the rough Storm by *Albion* lull'd to Rest,
Calm'd by Great WILLIAM to a *Halcyon* Nest.

Here the Great welcom'd *TAVISTOCK*, no less
Than homaging Knees and circling Arms carefs.
With that *Magnificence*, with all that *Port*,
His *Albion Lustre* fill'd his Foreign COURT ;
That *Lustre*, that cou'd add the *Noblest Ray* * *Embassadors*
Ev'n to Great WILLIAM's proud *Triumphant Day*. * *Entry.*
Yes, *France* must *TAVISTOCK's* full *Lustre* view ;
His SOUL Great as his VEINS; his equal *Glories* due,
Not th' *Albion Pride* alone, but *Albion's Champion* too. }

SACELLUM HONORIS. 9

Saw the Young *Hero*, with a *Zeal* and *Arm*,
In His defended *Country's* Cause so Warm ;
'Till His o'erboiling *Courage* swell'd so high,
As durst the Boldest Sword of *France* defy. .

Oh *Gallia*, *Gallia*, here what dost Thou owe?
Thy blushing *Lillies* cannot bend too low;
To that fair *British* ROSE this Tribute paid,
Whose Sacred STEM once thy vile *Arts* betray'd,
In Dust by thy Destroying *Councils* laid,
Thy Knees His Homagers we scarce dare call ;
Poor *Expiation* for that *Barb'rous* Fall;
'Tis but thy Penitential Duty all.
And if relenting *Penitence* once more
Can *Whiteness* to thy *Sanguin'd* Lips restore;
Great *TAVISTOCK* with Songs of *Triumph* greet,
And strow thy flow'ry Garlands at His Feet :
To th' Honour'd BRANCH thy *Io* *Pæans* sung,
Thou own'st the *Martyr'd* Root from whence He sprung.

But whil'st with her best Smiles and chearful Face,
The pleas'd *Versails* does her Great Guest embrace ;

10 *SACELLUM HONORIS.*

The sad *St. Germans* with a gloomier Air,
That melancholy Region of Despair,
All wrapt in Clouds does a bleak Aspect bear.
To see bright GLORY's *Resurrection* made
From *Rome's* black **Chaos**, *Britain's* once dark *Shade*;
To see the *Coronet* on that Young HEAD,
Perhaps with a too conscious *Shame* o'erspread,
It calls, alas, the dire *Remembrance* down,
Of those *mad Councils* on that *Jebu Throne*,
That drove so fast till they ev'n dropt a *Crown*.

Now the long *Race* quite run, a prosp'rous Gale
And all the smiling *Sea-Nymphs* wait His Sail.
The ecchoing *Tritons* and the *Nereids* join:
Nor wonder *Love* can tune their *Trumps Marine*;
In that cold Element His Praises sung:
When *Love's fair Goddess* from the *Ocean* sprung.
But stay—Upon this floating Scene must rise
One short-liv'd Mist awhile to damp the Joys.
The Vessel by an unskill'd Steersman led;
Of Sands and Rocks the visionary Dread,
To the whole Grew that Pannick *Terror* gives;
Resolv'd they'll quit the Bark to save their Lives.

Blind

SACELLUM HONORIS. II

Blind *Cowardise*, that meets what it wou'd shun:
They'll trust those Waves in which they fear to drown.
This saw the dauntless *TAVISTOCK*, and here
To check this Torrent of their abject Fear;
To stop their Flight there needs not His drawn Sword:
Ev'n His commanding Look their half-fled Souls restor'd.
They saw the *HERO*, and with Shame they blusht,
Back to the *Helm* the shrinking Dastards husht.
So *Rome's* Great *Julius* in a Tempest tost,
To see his Drooping *Pilot's* Courage lost;
He bid his shaking Hand more boldly steer:
*Thou carry'st * CÆSAR; that secures thy Fear.* * *Nil time Cæsarem vehit.*

Their Frights all husht, now safely lands the Barge:
Yes, His *protecting Guardians* knew their Charge.
By those blest *Tutelar Genii* wafted o'er,
Once more He steps on His *Britannia's* Shore.
When *Neptune's* Float resigns his *Honour'd Load*,
A waiting *Chariot* of the Gentler *God*,
With *Harnest Doves* attends: Great *Hymen* waits,
His smiling *Usher* to His *BEDFORD* Gates.

Here th' *AUGUST HEAD*, blest with long prof-
In Venerable *Glory's* Silver Hairs, (p'rous Years,
Meets

12 SACELLUM HONORIS.

Meets His Great HEIR, with all *Paternal Joy* :
No ~~Gates~~ of ~~hell~~ shall these *Young Hopes* destroy.
Around His Neck He twines. Th' Embrace so warms ;
He throws off Twenty Winters in Those *Arms*.
All *pleas'd* and *charm'd* He sees the *Forward Spring*,
All the Rich *Harvest* such *Ripe Hopes* shall bring.
For, oh! the *Stars* in the Great MARTYRS *Crown*,
On that *Young Head* pour all their *Influence* down :
Worth, Honour, Virtue, that Great FOUNT supplies:
'Tis from such *Ashes* must the *Phoenix* rise.
No more Great BEDFORD shall His *Wrecks* deplore :
Looks Forward now, and oh, looks back no more.
From the too *Fiery Chariot's* fatal Call,
See's ev'n the Double Spirited *Mantle* fall.

A Dance of *Harmony* moves all around ;
And nought but Pleasure treads th' *Hallow'd Ground*.
Ev'n the Great WIDOW with that *Joy* appears ;
Throws off the *Veil* of Seventeen *Mourning Tears*.
So Charm'd to see the Glorious CYON shoot,
Forgets the blasting Thunder tore the ROOT.

Nay those *Wet Eyes*, that yet more lately mourn,
In pious *Sable* at a *Father's Urn*,

To

SACELLUM HONORIS. 13

To see her dear *URANIA*'s smiling *Pride*,
Of her fresh *Griefs* stops the whole Rolling *Tide*. —
She Blesses all the *Winds*, the *Seas*, the *Shores*;
All that her darling *TAVISTOCK* restores.
That dearer *Wealth* has one *Rich Sail* brought o'er,
Then all her Father's *Indies* ever bore.
From this Fair *Gordian*, this Blest *Genial Bed*,
Where can't her *Hopes prophetick Raptures* lead?
Th' *Enlightning Joy*, (*Joy* She can scarce contain)
Presents her dazled *Thought* that *Beauteous Scene*;
A *Prospect* ev'n through endless *Ages* drawn.
Of *Glories* yet *Unborn* she views the smiling *Dawn*.
Foresees, where such *Descending VIRTUE* reigns,
From the Great *CHILD* and Greater *BEDFORD*'s
A *Race*, of that bright *Worth*, th' unbroken *Line*, [*Veins*;
That to the *World*'s last setting *Sun* shall shine.

But, oh the happy *PAIR*! Their meeting *Joys* !
The *Eyes*, the *Arms*, the *Bliss*, the *Extasies* !
His *Travels* now no more His *Sweating Toils* ;
Back to a thousand wander'd *Leagues* He smiles.
The parching *Dogstars* Heat all Spring-tide *Ray*,
And the rough *Alpine* *Rocks* all Flow'ry *Way* ;

14 SACELLUM HONORIS.

A Tour of *Europe* to such Joys Divine ;
Blest *Pilgrimage* that leads to such a Shrine !

A Tributary Troop of *Triumph* waits :
For see a Press of *Honour* crowds His Gates ;
To wish the *Bridegroom* Joy — Wish, did I say ?
That idle Vow throws a vain Breath away.
Joys He has *All*. They wish but a full Shine
T'a *mid-day Sun*, or Wealth t'an *Indian Mine*.
And hark ! the Martial Drums and Trumpets round !
'Tis to the *Amorous War* that now they sound.
To all these Homagers i'th' Front appear,
The whole *Poetick Choir* bring up the Reer.
All the *Castalian Nine* (a Theme t'inspire
Their *Patron God*, and tune *Apollo's Lyre*!)
At those Great *Rites* chant their best Ayrs Divine.
The *Muses* sing to see the GRACES join.

Now *TAVISTOCK* begin Thy *Reign of Fame*,
All Thy *Hereditary Native Claim*.
Thou ow'st Thy *Birth* all the true Generous Arts
Of founding *Greatness*, and of winning *Hearts* :
Copying those Great *Originals*, secure
Thy *Conquest*, and thy Great *Foundation* sure.

In

SACELLUM HONORIS. 15

In their full Lustre when *Great Heads* appear,
And *Truly Noble* fill their awful Sphere:
'Tis *publick Justice* that supports their Thrones,
Justice the Jem in *Coronets* and *Crowns*!
But oh degenerate *Honour*, when we see
The most Exalted *Touring Quality*,
In their triumphant Chariots proudly ride,
When 'tis an unpaid Purple decks their Pride.
Distributive Right, a Cobweb Lawn too weak,
How poorly does strong-wing'd *Oppression* break?
Oh the Descending Shame of Veins so High,
To have Great Names in *Suburb Compters* lie,
There in Records of *Chalk* to rust and die!
Thus, 'stead of *Leading Lights*, those Beams divine,
With which *Nobility* was born to shine;
They make (to their own shaded *Glory* blind)
Greatness the Greatest *Satyr* on Mankind.

But stop my Muse, quit this too Cloudy *Theme*;
Brighten thy Ayrs with a *Sublimer Beam*:
Tune to the *Musick* of Great *BEDFORD's Sphere*:
The bright *Astrea* holds th' *Ascendant* here.
The Exil'd Maid her Heav'nly Flight recalls;
Descends once more to Grace those *Hallow'd Walls*.

Here

16 SACELLUM HONORIS.

Here *Right, Truth, Justice*, their full Glory reigns,
All *genuine Lustre*, born with *BEDFORD's Veins*.
Here the white *Ermyn* does all Spots disdain :
No *City Tears* shall their *Court - GRANDEUR* stain.
No, proud *Augusta*, with transporting Charms,
Meets her Great *TAVISTOCK* with open Arms:
With Flutes and Timbrels does her Darling greet;
And bends her tow'ry Forehead at His Feet.

Let poorer *Greatness*, in supiner *Sloth*,
Rust in their *Ease*, and chill their Noble *Growth*;
Cold in the Quest of a true *Glorious Name*,
Leave th' Herald-Office all their Care of Fame.
Nor thinking *VIRTUE* worth a Manly Toil,
Neglect their whole uncultivated Soil.
Here the *Rich* Bed's *poor* Product is no more
Than Indigested, all *Imperfect Ore*.
The *BEDFORD* Race, by *warmer Virtues* Shine,
Cherish'd and Ripen'd to a *pregnant Mine*,
Such course Allay does with Contempt behold ;
The *Refin'd TAVISTOCK's* all *Angel-Gold*.

FINIS.